



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

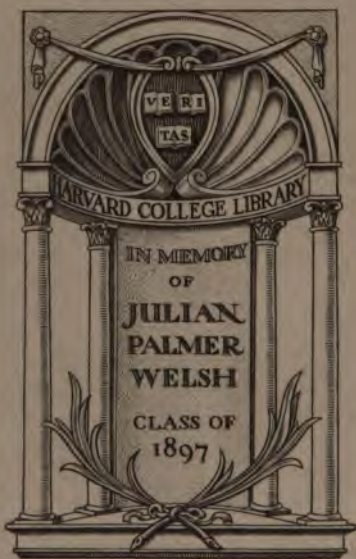
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

56

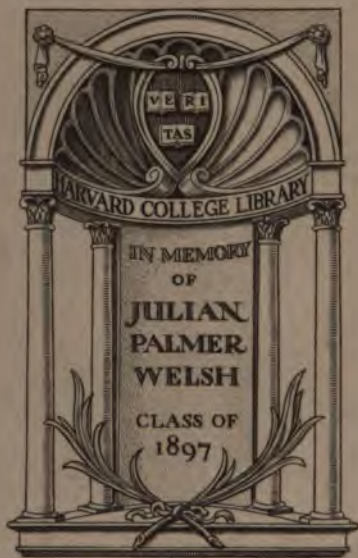


23476.66





23476.66







JUNE.

MDCCCL.

The BiBelot

A Reprint of Poetry
and Prose for Book
Robers, chosen in part
from scarce editions and
sources not generally
known

Printed for Thomas B. Mosher
and Publish'd by him at 45 Ex-
change Street, Portland, Maine

Current Numbers 5 Cents.

DEAD LOVE, AND OTHER INHERITED PIECES
BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

3476.66



W
Walden

The Bible of

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Current numbers Five cents

1921.

SUBSCRIPTIONS for 1921 at the regular price, 50 cents in advance, post-paid, are taken for the calendar year only. After March 1, the rate will be 75 cents, which will on completion of Volume VII, be advanced to \$1.00 net.

Foreign subscriptions for 1921 are 25 cents additional to above rates.

Current numbers are 5 cents each.

Specimen copies of any issue sent on receipt of price.

BOUND VOLUMES.

Vol. I.	1895, 4to, antique boards,	\$1.00
Vol. II.	1896, 4to, antique boards,	\$1.50
Vol. III.	1897, 4to, antique boards,	\$2.50
Vol. IV.	1898, 4to, antique boards,	\$4.50
Vol. V.	1899, 4to, antique boards,	\$2.00
Vol. VI.	1900, 4to, antique boards,	\$2.00

If in wrappers, 50 cents less per volume.

BACK NUMBERS.

See Special List which will be sent on application.

COVERS.

Covers, antique boards (including title-pages, end-papers, and slide covers), 50 cents per volume net.

BINDING.

Subscribers who prefer having volumes bound by the publisher can do so in half-style boards at the rate of \$1.00 net per volume. This price includes return postage.

NOTICED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

History of Modern Philosophy *..in France..*

BY

LUCIEN LÉVY-BRUHL

*Maitre de Conférence in the Sorbonne. Professor in the École
Libre des Sciences Politiques.*

With twenty-three photogravure and half-tone portraits of French philosophers, from rare and classical sources. Also a Bibliography of Modern French Philosophy. Handsomely bound, printed on antique paper, with wide margins. Pp., 500. 8vo. Price, \$3.00 (12s).

"A more attractive book than this it has seldom been our pleasure to read. Paper, type, binding, and especially the portraits, contribute to make a sumptuous volume. But its mechanical perfection is the smallest element of its value. Any one who expects to find this either a dry or an inexact or an incomplete book will be most agreeably disappointed. To every one of competent philosophical knowledge or curiosity, it will prove both instructive and entertaining."—*The Methodist Review*.

"The portraits are admirably reproduced."—*Literature*.

"It is a remarkably handsome volume. . . . The illustrations are truly masterpieces of art."—*Chicago Israelite*.

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO.,

Chicago: 324 Dearborn St.

London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

Second Year.

L' Hémicycle.

**Illustrated Monthly Magazine, Devoted to Art
and Literature.**

(Sequel to *Livre des Légendes* by Jacques and André des Gachons.)

PIERRE DE QUERLON, Editor,

3 VILLA MICHON. PARIS XVI.

Among other well known contributors: René Boylesve, H.-D. Dàvray, E. Ducoté, Paul Fort, Jacques des Gachons, André Gide, Rémy de Gourmont, Nicolle Henneque, Francis Jammes, Aimée Lenalie, Jean Moréas, Stuart Merrill, Henri de Regnier, Emile Verhaeren, Hugues Rebell, etc.

Illustrations by Noted French Artists.

The *Hémicycle* is a charming little Parisian publication containing the best work of the modern French writers and artists, and appealing eloquently to those among American bibliophiles and art-amateurs desirous of keeping in close touch with the French artistic and literary movements of the day.

L.-DIDIER DES GACHONS, Publisher,

No.-o. 50: one year 6fr. *Édition de Luxe*, 10fr.

The Bibelot

FROM a collector's point of view the value of this number of *The Bibelot* cannot well be gainsaid. No less than six inedited, if not wholly disowned, pieces of prose and verse by the greatest living English poet are here brought together from sources unlikely of public access. To affirm that this is an unboly labor,—a ghoulisb feat of the literary resurrectionist,—is to lose sight and sense of the question at issue.

Editorially we believe our reprint is more than justifiable; it is, in fact, from a bibliographical outlook the biggest tribute to a great writer that his contemporaries can pay. Unconsidered trifles—as such things may seem to the unconsiderate trifler—they are yet compounded of an “aureate Earth”

“As, buried once, Men want dug up again.”

Therefore beside the youthful work of William Morris and Dante Gabriel Rossetti these compositions find due place. One of the two specimens of early prose shows conclusively that Mr. Swinburne was already in possession of a style bound to find its logical developement in the collected

Essays and Studies of a few years later growth. The interlude extracted from a forgotten little tale — The Children of the Chapel — proves also the mastery of that stanzaic stateliness which so speedily would burgeon forth in a golden book for all time — the Poems and Ballads of 1866.



FOR JULY :
A MINOR POET, AND LYRICS
By
AMY LEVY.

DEAD LOVE.

1862.

DEAD LOVE | BY | ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE. | LONDON |

JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, WEST STRAND. | 1864.

Collation:—Crown octavo, pp. 15; consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. 1-2; Title-page, as above (with imprint—"London: | Savill and Edwards, Printers, Chandos Street, | Covent Garden."—in the centre of the reverse), pp. 3-4; and Text pp. 5-15. The headline is *Dead Love* throughout, on both sides of the page. The imprint is repeated at the foot of p. 15. Issued in brick-red coloured paper wrappers, with the title-page reproduced upon the front. There is a copy in the British Museum.

A little book of great rarity, and of extreme interest. The story (in prose) had previously appeared in *Once-a-Week*, vol. vii, *October* 1862, pp. 432-434, where it was accompanied by an illustration upon wood by M. J. Lawless, here reproduced in fac-simile. The story has never been reprinted, and in all probability never will be.

THOMAS J. WISE.

(*A Bibliographical List of the Scarcer Works
and Uncollected Writings of Algernon Charles
Swinburne, 1896.*)

DEAD LOVE.

ABOUT the time of the great troubles in France, that fell out between the parties of Armagnac and of Burgundy, there was slain in a fight in Paris a follower of the Duke John, who was a good knight called Messire Jacques d'Aspremont. This Jacques was a very fair and strong man, hardy of his hands, and before he was slain he did many things wonderful and of great courage, and forty of the folk of the other party he slew, and many of these were grèat captains, of whom the chief and the worthiest was Messire Olivier de Bois-Percé; but at last he was shot in the neck with an arrow, so that between the nape and the apple the flesh was cleanly cloven in twain. And when he was dead his men drew forth his body of the fierce battle, and covered it with a fair woven cloak. Then the people of Armagnac, taking good heart because of his death, fell the more heavily upon his followers, and slew very many of them. And a certain soldier, named Amaury de Jacquville, whom they called Courtebarbe, did best of all that party; for, crying out with a great noise, "Sus, sus!" he brought up the men after him, and threw them forward into the hot part of the

fighting, where there was a sharp clamour; and this Amaury, laughing and crying out as a man that took a great delight in such matters of war, made of himself more noise with smiting and with shouting than any ten, and they of Burgundy were astonished and beaten down. And when he was weary, and his men had got the upper hand of those of Burgundy, he left off slaying, and beheld where Messire d'Aspremont was covered up with his cloak; and he lay just across the door of Messire Olivier, whom the said Jacques had slain, who was also a cousin of Amaury's. Then said Amaury:

"Take up now the body of this dead fellow, and carry it into the house; for my cousin Madame Yolande shall have great delight to behold the face of the fellow dead by whom her husband has got his end, and it shall make the tiding sweeter to her."

So they took up this dead knight Messire Jacques, and carried him into a fair chamber lighted with broad windows, and herein sat the wife of Olivier, who was called Yolande de Craon, and she was akin far off to Pierre de Craon, who would have slain the Constable. And Amaury said to her:

DEAD LOVE

"Fair and dear cousin, and my good lady, we give you for your husband slain the body of him that slew my cousin; make the best cheer that you may, and comfort yourself that he has found a good death and a good friend to do justice on his slayer; for this man was a good knight, and I that have revenged him account myself none of the worst."

And with this Amaury and his people took leave of her. Then Yolande, being left alone, began at first to weep grievously, and so much that she was heavy and weary; and afterward she looked upon the face of Jacques d'Aspremont, and held one of his hands with hers, and said:

"Ah, false thief and coward! it is great pity thou wert not hung on a gallows, who hast slain by treachery the most noble knight of the world, and to me the most loving and the faithfulest man alive, and that never did any discourtesy to any man, and was the most single and pure lover that ever a married lady had to be her knight, and never said any word to me but sweet words. Ah, false coward! there was never such a knight of thy kin."

Then, considering his face earnestly, she saw that it was a fair face enough, and by seeming the face of a good knight; and she repented of her bitter words, saying with herself:

"Certainly this one, too, was a good man and valiant," and was sorry for his death.

And she pulled out the arrow-head that was broken, and closed up the wound of his neck with ointments. And then beholding his dead open eyes, she fell into a great torrent of weeping, so that her tears fell all over his face and throat. And all the time of this bitter sorrow she thought how goodly a man this Jacques must have been in his life, who being dead had such power upon her pity. And for compassion of his great beauty she wept so exceedingly and long that she fell down upon his body in a swoon, embracing him, and so lay the space of two hours with her face against his; and being awaked she had no other desire but only to behold him again, and so all that day neither ate nor slept at all, but for the most part lay and wept. And afterward, out of her love, she caused the body of this knight to be preserved with spice, and made him a golden

DEAD LOVE

coffin open at the top, and clothed him with the fairest clothes she could get, and had this coffin always by her bed in her chamber. And when this was done she sat down over against him and held his arms about her neck, weeping, and she said :

“ Ah, Jacques! although alive I was not worthy, so that I never saw the beauty and goodness of your living body with my sorrowful eyes, yet now being dead, I thank God that I have this grace to behold you. Alas, Jacques! you have no sight now to discern what things are beautiful, therefore you may now love me as well as another, for with dead men there is no difference of women. But, truly, although I were the fairest of all Christian women that now is, I were in nowise worthy to love you; nevertheless, have compassion upon me that for your sake have forgotten the most noble husband of the world.”

And this Yolande, that made such complaining of love to a dead man, was one of the fairest ladies of all that time, and of great reputation; and there were many good men that loved her greatly, and would fain have had some favour at her hands; of

whom she made no account, saying always, that her dead lover was better than many lovers living. Then certain people said that she was bewitched; and one of these was Amaury. And they would have taken the body to burn it, that the charm might be brought to an end; for they said that a demon had entered in and taken it in possession; which she hearing fell into extreme rage, and said that if her lover were alive, there was not so good a knight among them, that he should undertake the charge of that saying; at which speech of hers there was great laughter. And upon a night there came into her house Amaury and certain others, that were minded to see this matter for themselves. And no man kept the doors; for all her people had gone away, saving only a damsel that remained with her; and the doors stood open, as in a house where there is no man. And they stood in the doorway of her chamber, and heard her say this that ensues:—

“O most fair and perfect knight, the best that ever was in any time of battle, or in any company of ladies, and the most courteous man, have pity upon me, most sorrowful

DEAD LOVE

woman and handmaid. For in your life you had some other lady to love you, and were to her a most true and good lover; but now you have none other but me only, and I am not worthy that you should so much as kiss me on my sad lips, wherein is all this lamentation. And though your own lady were the fairer and the more worthy, yet consider, for God's pity and mine, how she has forgotten the love of your body and the kindness of your espousals, and lives easily with some other man, and is wedded to him with all honour; but I have neither ease nor honour, and yet I am your true maiden and servant."

And then she embraced and kissed him many times. And Amaury was very wroth, but he refrained himself: and his friends were troubled and full of wonder. Then they beheld how she held his body between her arms, and kissed him in the neck with all her strength; and after a certain time it seemed to them that the body of Jacques moved and sat up; and she was no whit amazed, but rose up with him, embracing him. And Jacques said to her:

"I beseech you, now that you would make a covenant with me, to love me always."

And she bowed her head suddenly, and said nothing.

Then said Jacques:

"Seeing you have done so much for love of me, we twain shall never go in sunder: and for this reason has God given back to me the life of my mortal body."

And after this they had the greatest joy together, and the most perfect solace that may be imagined: and she sat and beheld him, and many times fell into a little quick laughter for her great pleasure and delight.

Then came Amaury suddenly into the chamber, and caught his sword into his hand, and said to her:

"Ah, wicked leman, now at length is come the end of thy horrible love and of thy life at once;" and smote her through the two sides with his sword, so that she fell down, and with a great sigh full unwillingly delivered up her spirit, which was no sooner fled out of her perishing body, but immediately the soul departed also out of the body of her lover, and he became as one that had been all those days dead. And the next day the people caused their two bodies to be burned openly in the place where witches were used

DEAD LOVE

to be burned: and it is reported by some that an evil spirit was seen to come out of the mouth of Jacques d'Aspremont, with a most pitiful cry, like the cry of a hurt beast. By which thing all men knew that the soul of this woman, for the folly of her sinful and most strange affection, was thus evidently given over to the delusion of the evil one and the pains of condemnation.

INEDITED PIECES.

- I. STANZAS FROM QUEEN YSEULT, 1857.
- II. A LETTER ON MODERN LOVE, 1862.
- III. THE PILGRIMAGE OF PLEASURE, 1864.
- IV. UNPUBLISHED VERSES, 1866.
- V. VERSES FROM A YEAR'S LETTERS, 1877.

I.

STANZAS FROM *QUEEN YSEULT* :

To the king came Tristram then,
To Moronde the evil man,
Treading softly as he can.

Spake he loftily in place :
A great light was on his face :
'Listen, king, of thy free grace.

I am Tristram, Roland's son ;
By thy might my lands were won,
All my lovers were undone.

Died by thee queen Blancheflour,
Mother mine in bitter hour,
That was white as any flower.

Tho' they died not well aright,
Yet, for thou art belted knight,
King Moronde, I bid thee fight.'

A great laughter laughed they all,
Drinking wine about the hall,
Standing by the outer wall.

But the pale king leapt apace,
Caught his staff that lay in place
And smote Tristram on the face.

Tristram stood back paces two,
All his face was reddened so,
Round the deep mark of the blow.

Large and bright his king's eyes grew :
As knight Roland's sword he drew,
Fiercely like a pard he flew.

And above the staring eyes
Smote Moronde the king flatwise,
That men saw the dear blood rise.

At the second time he smote,
All the carven blade, I wot,
With the blood was blurred and hot.

At the third stroke that he gave,
Deep the carven steel he drave,
Thro' king Moronde's heart it clave.

Well I ween his wound was great
As he sank across the seat,
Slain for Blanche flour the sweet.

Then spake Tristram, praising God;
In his father's place he stood,
Wiping clean the smears of blood,

That the sword, while he did pray,
At the throne's foot he might lay;
Christ save all good knights, I say.

Then spake all men in his praise,
Speaking words of the old days,
Sweeter words than sweetest lays.

Said one 'to the dead queen's hair,
And her brows so straight and fair;
So the lips of Roland were.'

For all praised him as he stood,
That such things none other could
Than the son of kingly blood.

Round he looked with quiet eyes;
'When ye saw king Moronde rise,
None beheld me on this wise.'

At such words as he did say,
Bare an old man knelt to pray;
'Christ be with us all to-day.

This is Tristram the good lord;
Knightly hath he held his word,
Warring with his father's sword.'

Then one brought the diadem,
Clear and golden like pure flame;
And his thanks did grace to them.

Next in courteous wise he bade
That fair honour should be made
Of the dear queen that was dead.

So in her great sorrow's praise
A fair tomb he bade them raise,
For a wonder to the days.

And between its roof and floor
Wrote he two words and no more,
Wrote *Roland* and *Blancheflour*.

¹ These stanzas are from *Queen Yseult. Canto i. "Of the birth of Sir Tristram, and how he voyaged into Ireland,"* printed in *Undergraduate Papers*, No. 1, December, 1857.

"In point of interest the *Undergraduate Papers* stand second only to *The Germ* in the list of private and semi-private magazine rarities which includes *The Snob*, *The Gownsmen*, *The Gads Hill Gazette*, *The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, and others. In the matter of scarcity it passes them all. No more than three perfect copies can be at present located, whilst the British Museum possesses two out of the three numbers only."—Wise.

II.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF *The Spectator*,
JUNE 7, 1862.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH'S "MOD- ERN LOVE."

SIR,—I cannot resist asking the favour of admission for my protest against the article on Mr. Meredith's last volume of poems in the *Spectator* of May 24th. That I personally have for the writings, whether verse or prose of Mr. Meredith, a most sincere and deep admiration is no doubt a matter of infinitely small moment. I wish only, in default of a better, to appeal seriously on general grounds against this sort of criticism as applied to one of the leaders of English literature. To any fair attack Mr. Meredith's books of course lie as much open as another man's; indeed, standing where he does, the very eminence of his post makes him perhaps more liable than a man of less well-earned fame to the periodical slings and arrows of publicity. Against such criticism no one would have a right to appeal, whether for his own work or for another's. But the writer of the article in question blinks at stating the fact that he is

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH'S "MODERN LOVE"

dealing with no unfledged pretender. Any work of a man who has won his spurs and fought his way to a foremost place among the men of his time, must claim at least a grave consideration and respect. It would hardly be less absurd, in remarking on a poem by Mr. Meredith, to omit all reference to his previous work, and treat the present book as if its author had never tried his hand at such writing before, than to criticise the *Légende des Siècles*, or (coming to a nearer instance) the *Idyls of the King*, without taking into account the relative position of the great English or the greater French poet. On such a tone of criticism as this any one who may chance to see or hear of it has a right to comment.

But even if the case were different, and the author were now at his starting-point, such a review of such a book is surely out of date. Praise or blame should be thoughtful, serious, careful, when applied to a work of such subtle strength, such depth of delicate power, such passionate and various beauty, as the leading poem of Mr. Meredith's volume: in some points, as it seems to me (and in this opinion I know that I have

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH'S "MODERN LOVE"

weightier judgments than my own to back me) a poem above the aim and beyond the reach of any but its author. Mr. Meredith is one of the three or four poets now alive whose work, perfect or imperfect, is always as noble in design, as it is often faultless in result. The present critic falls foul of him for dealing with "a deep and painful subject on which he has no conviction to express." There are pulpits enough for all preachers in prose; the business of verse-writing is hardly to express convictions; and if some poetry, not without merit of its kind, has at times dealt in dogmatic morality, it is all the worse and all the weaker for that. As to subject, it is too much to expect that all schools of poetry are to be for ever subordinate to the one just now so much in request with us, whose scope of sight is bounded by the nursery walls; that all Muses are to bow down before her who babbles, with lips yet warm from their pristine pap, after the dangling delights of a child's coral; and jingles with flaccid fingers one knows not whether a jester or a baby's bells. We have not too many writers capable of duly handling a subject worth the serious interest

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH'S "MODERN LOVE"

of men. As to execution, take almost any sonnet at random out of this series, and let any man qualified to judge for himself of metre, choice of expression, and splendid language, decide on its claims. And, after all, the test will be unfair, except as regards metrical or pictorial merit; every section of this great progressive poem being connected with the other by links of the finest and most studied workmanship. Take, for example, that noble sonnet, beginning

"We saw the swallows gathering in the skies,"

a more perfect piece of writing no man alive has ever turned out; witness these three lines, the grandest perhaps of the book :

"And in the largeness of the evening earth,
Our spirit grew as we walked side by side;
The hour became her husband, and my bride ;"

but in transcription it must lose the colour and effect given it by its place in the series; the grave and tender beauty, which makes it at once a bridge and a resting-place between the admirable poems of passion it falls among. As specimens of pure power, and depth of imagination at once intricate and vigorous, take the two sonnets on a false

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH'S "MODERN LOVE"

passing reunion of wife and husband ; the
sonnet on the rose ; that other beginning :

" I am not of those miserable males
Who sniff at vice, and daring not to snap
Do therefore hope for Heaven."

And, again, that earlier one :

" All other joys of life he strove to warm."

Of the shorter poems which give character to the book I have not space to speak here; and as the critic has omitted noticing the most valuable and important (such as the "Beggar's Soliloquy," and the "Old Chartist," equal to Béranger for completeness of effect and exquisite justice of style, but noticeable for a thorough dramatic insight, which Béranger missed through his personal passions and partialities), there is no present need to go into the matter. I ask you to admit this protest simply out of justice to the book in hand, believing as I do that it expresses the deliberate unbiased opinion of a sufficient number of readers to warrant the insertion of it, and leaving to your consideration rather their claims to a fair hearing than those of the book's author

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH'S "MODERN LOVE"

to a revised judgment. A poet of Mr. Meredith's rank can no more be profited by the advocacy of his admirers than injured by the rash or partial attack of his critics.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

III.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF PLEASURE.

AN ALLEGORY.¹

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PLEASURE,	GLUTTONY, THE VICE,
YOUTH,	VAIN DELIGHT,
LIFE,	SAPIENCE,
DISCRETION,	DEATH.

Pleasure. All children of men, give good heed
unto me,
That am of my kind very virtue bodily,
Turn ye from following of lies and Vain Delight
That avaunteth herself there she hath but little right :
Set your hearts upon goodly things that I shall you show,
For the end of her ways is death and very woe.

Youth. Away from me, thou Sapience, thou noddy,
thou green fool !
What ween ye I be as a little child in school ?
Ye are as an old crone that moweth by a fire,
A bob with a chestnut is all thine heart's desire.
I am in mine habit like to Bacchus the high god,
I reck not a rush of thy rede nor of thy rod.

Life. Bethink thee, good Youth, and take Sapience
to thy wife,
For but a little while hath a man delight of Life.
I am as a flame that lighteth thee one hour ;
She hath fruit enow, I have but a fleeting flower.

Discretion. For pity of Youth I may weep withouten
measure,
That is gone a great way as pilgrim after Pleasure,
For her (most noble queen) shall he never have in sight,
Who is bounden all about with bonds of Vain Delight.
That false fiend to follow in field he is full fain,
For love of her sweet mouth he shall bide most bitter
pain.
The sweeter she singeth, the lesser is her trust,
She will him bring full low to deadly days and dust.

Gluttony. Ow, I am so full of flesh my skin goeth
nigh to crack !
I would not for a pound I bore my body on my back.
I wis ye wot well what manner of man am I ;
One of ye help me to a saddle by and bye.
I am waxen over-big, for I floter on my feet ;
I would I had here a piece of beef, a worthy meat.
I have been a blubberling this two and forty year,
And yet for all this I live and make good cheer.

Vain Delight. I wot ye will not bite upon my snaffle,
good Youth ;
Ye go full smoothly now, ye amble well forsooth.

Youth. My sweet life and lady, my love and mine
heart's lief,
One kiss of your fair sweet mouth it slayeth all men's
grief.
One sight of your goodly eyes it bringeth all men
ease.

Gluttony. Ow, I would I had a manchet or a piece
of cheese!

Vain Delight. Lo, where lurketh a lurden¹ that is
kinsman of mine;
Ho, Gluttony, I wis ye are drunken without wine.

Youth. We have gone by many lands, and many
grievous ways,
And yet have we not found this Pleasure all these days.
Sometimes a lightening all about her have we seen,
A glittering of her garments among the fieldes green;
Sometimes the waving of her hair that is right sweet,
A lifting of her eyelids, or a shining of her feet,
Or either in sleeping or in waking have we heard
A rustling of raiment or a whispering of a word,
Or a noise of pleasant water running over a waste place,
Yet have I not beheld her, nor known her very face.

Vain Delight. What, thou very knave, and how
reckonest thou of me?

¹ Lurden; a lout, lubber.

Youth. Nay, though thou be goodly, I trow thou
art not she.

Vain Delight. I would that thou wert hanged in a
halter by the neck,
From my face to my feet there is neither flaw nor fleck,
There is none happy man but he that sips and clips
My goodly stately body and the love upon my lips.
Great kings have worshipped me, and served me on
their knees,
Yet for thy sake I wis, have I set light by these.

Youth. What pratest thou of Pleasure? I wot well
it am I.

Gluttony. Ow! I would I had a marchpane or a
plover in a pie!
What needeth a man look far for that is near at hand?
What needeth him ear the sea, or fish upon dry land?
For whether it be flesh, or whether it be fish,
Lo, it lurketh full lowly in a little dish.

Sapience. I charge thee, O thou Youth, thou repent
thee on this tide,
For but an hour or twain, shall thy life and thou abide;
Turn thee, I say, yea turn thee, before it be the night,
Take thine heart in thine hand, and slay thy Vain
Delight,
Before thy soul and body in sudden and sunder be rent.

Youth. Nay, though I be well weary, yet will I not
repent,
Nor will I slay my love; lo, this is all in brief.

Vain Delight. I beseech thee now begone, thou
ragged hood, thou thief!
Wherefore snuffest thou so, like one smelling of
mustard?

Gluttony. Ow, methinks I could eat a goodly
quaking custard.

Youth. Peace, thou paunch, I pray; thou sayest
ever the same.

Vain Delight. Lo, her coats be all bemired! this is
a goodly dame,
She pranceth with her chin up, as one that is full nice.

Gluttony. Ow, I would I had a pear with a pretty
point of spice,
A comfit with a caudle is a comfortable meat;
A cony is the best beast of all that run on feet.
I love well buttered ale, I would I had one drop;
I pray thee, Mistress Sapience, hast thou never a
sugar sop?

Sapience. Depart from me, thou sturdy swine, thou
hast no part in me!

Gluttony. Ow, I wist well there was little fair
fellowship in thee.
Good Mistress Discretion, ye be both lief and fair,
Of thy dish, I pray thee, some scrapings thou me spare.

Discretion. My dish, thou foolish beast, for thy
mouth it is not meet;
I feed on gracious thought, and on prayer that is most
sweet,
I eat of good desires, I drink good words for wine;
Thou art fed on husks of death among the snouts of
swine;
My drink is clear contemplation, I feed on fasting hours,
I commune with the most high stars, and all the noble
flowers,
With all the days and nights, and with love that is their
queen.

Gluttony. Ow, of this communication it recks me
never a bean!
Shall one drink the night for wine, and feed upon the
dawn?
Yet had I rather have in hand a cantle of brawn.

Sapience. O Youth, wilt thou not turn thee, and
follow that is right?

Youth. Nay, while I have my living I forsake not
Vain Delight.
Till when my hairs are grey, I put her away from me.

Vain Delight. Nay, but in that day will I withdraw
my face from thee.
Out, out, mother mumble, thou art both rotten and raw.

Gluttony. I will reach thee, if I may, a buffet with
my paw.

Vain Delight. What, wilt thou take my kingdom?
have this for all thy pains.

Gluttony. Ow, I would I had a toast to butter with
thy brains.

Life. Lo, this is the last time that ever we twain
shall meet,

I am lean of my body and feeble of my feet;
My goodly beauty is barren, fruit shall it never bear,
But thorns and bitter ashes that are cast upon mine hair;
My glory is all gone, and my good time overpast,
Seeing all my beauty cometh to one colour at the last,
A deadly dying colour of a faded face.
I say to thee, repent thee; thou hast but little space.

Youth. What manner of man art thou? It seems
thou hast seen some strife.

Life. I am thy body's shadow, and the likeness of
thy life,
The sorrowful similitude of all thy sorrow and sin;
Wherefore, I pray thee, open all thine heart and let
me in,

Lest, if thou shut out good counsel, thou be thyself
shut out—

Gluttony. Ow, though I be lusty I have made them
low to lout,
My lungs be broken in twain with running over fast,
With beating of their bodies mine own sides have I
brast;
The heaving of mine heart it is a galling grief.
Ow, what makes thee so lean and wan? (*to Life*) I
trow thou lackest beef.

Vain Delight. How, what is this knave, trow?

Youth. He saith his name is Life.

Vain Delight. By the faith of my fair body I will
give him grief to wife!
In his lips there is no blood, in his throat there is no
breath.
Call ye this Life, by my hood? I think it be liker Death.

Life. It is thou, thou cursed witch, hast bereft me
of mine ease,
That I gasp with my lips and halt upon my knees.

Death. Thou hast lived overlong without taking
thought for me;
Lo, here is now an end of thy Vain Delight and thee.
Thou that wert gluttonous shalt eat the dust for bread,
Thou that wearest gold shalt wear grass above thine
head;

Thou that wert full big shalt be shrunken to a span,
Thou shalt be a loathly worm that wert a lordly man.
Thou that madest thy bed of silk shalt have a bed of
mould.

Thou whom furs have covered shalt be clad upon with
cold,

Thou that lovedst honey, with gall shalt thou be fed,
Thou that wert alive shalt presently be dead.

Youth. O strong Death, be merciful! I quake with
dread of thee.

Death. Nay, thou hast dwelt long with Life: now
shalt thou sleep with me.

Gluttony. Ow, ow, for very fear my flesh doth melt
and dwindle,

My sides and my shanks be leaner than a spindle;
Now foul fall his fingers that wound up the thread,
Good Master Death, do me no hurt; I wis I am but dead.
Now may I drink my sobs, and chew upon my sighs,
And feed my foolish body with the fallings of mine eyes.

Vain Delight. Mine eyes are turned to tears, my fair
mouth filled with moan,

My cheeks are ashen colour, I grovel and I groan,
My love is turned to loathing, my day to a weary night,
Now I wot I am not Pleasure, I am but Vain Delight!

Youth. O Death, show pity upon me, and spare me
for a space.

Death. Nay, thou hast far to go; rise up, uncover thy face.

Youth. O Death, abide for a little, but till it be the night.

Death. Nay, thy day is done; look up, there is no light.

Youth. O Death, forbear me yet till an hour be over and done.

Death. Thine hour is over and wasted; behold, there is no more sun!

Youth. Nay, Death, but I repent me.

Death. Here have thou this and hold.

Youth. O Death, thou art keen and bitter, thine hands are wonder-cold!

Death. Fare forth now without word, ye have tarried over measure.

Youth. Alas, that ever I went on Pilgrimage of Pleasure,

And wist not what she was; now am I the wearier wight.
Lo, this is the end of all, this cometh of Vain Delight!

Death. O foolish people! O ye that rejoice for a three days' breath,
Lift up your eyes unto me, lest ye perish: behold, I am Death!

When your hearts are exalted with laughter, and
kindled with love as with fire,
Neither look ye before ye nor after, but feed and are
filled with desire.
Lo, without trumpets I come: without ushers I follow
behind:
And the voice of the strong men is dumb; and the
eyes of the wise men are blind.
Your mouths were hot with meat, your lips were sweet
with wine,
There was gold upon your feet, on your heads was gold
most fine:
For blasts of wind and rain ye shook not neither
shrank,
Ye were clothéd with man's pain, with man's blood ye
were drunk;
Little heed ye had of tears and poor men's sighs,
In your glory ye were glad, and ye glittered with your
eyes.
Ye said each man in his heart, "I shall live and see
good days."
Lo, as mire and clay thou art, even as mire on weary
ways.
Ye said each man, "I am fair, lo, my life in me stands
fast."
Turn ye, weep and rend your hair; what abideth at the
last?
For behold ye are all made bare, and your glory is over
and past.

Ye were covered with fatness and sleep; ye wallow'd
to left and to right,

Now may ye wallow and weep: day is gone, and behold
it is night!

With grief were all ye gotten, to bale were all ye born,
Ye are all as red leaves rotten, or as the beaten corn.

What will one of you say? had ye eyes and would not
see?

Had ye harps and would not play? Yet shall ye play
for me.

Had ye ears and would not hear? Had ye feet and
would not go?

Had ye wits and would not fear? Had ye seed and
would not sow?

Had ye hands and would not wring? Had ye wheels
and would not spin?

Had ye lips and would not sing? was there no song
found therein?

A bitter, a bitter thing there is comen upon you for sin.

Alas! your kingdom and lands! alas! your men and
their might!

Alas! the strength of your hands and the days of your
Vain Delight!

Alas! the words that were spoken, sweet words on a
pleasant tongue!

Alas! your harps that are broken, the harps that were
carven and strung!

Alas! the light in your eyes, the gold in your golden
hair!

Alas! your sayings wise, and the goodly things ye
ware!

Alas! your glory! alas! the sound of your names
among men!

Behold, it is come to pass, ye shall sleep and arise not
again.

Dust shall fall on your face, and dust shall hang on
your hair;

Ye shall sleep without shifting of place, and shall be
no more as ye were;

Ye shall never open your mouth; ye shall never lift up
your head;

Ye shall look not to north or to south; life is done, and
behold, ye are dead!

With your hand ye shall not threat; with your throat
ye shall not sing.

Yea, ye that are living yet, ye shall each be a grievous
thing.

Ye shall each fare under ground, ye shall lose both
speech and breath;

Without sight ye shall see, without sound ye shall hear,
and shall know I am Death.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Pleasure.

The ending of Youth and of Vain Delight
Full plainly here ye all have seen;

Wherefore I pray you day and night,
While winter is wan and summer is green,
Ye keep the end hereof in sight,
Lest in that end ye gather teen;
And all this goodly Christmas light,
Ye praise and magnify our Queen,
Whiles that your lips have breath;
And all your life-days out of measure,
Serve her with heart's and body's treasure,
And pray GOD give her praise and pleasure,
Both of her life and death.

1 Reprinted verbatim from Chapter V. of *The Children of the Chapel*. A Tale. By the Author of *The Chorister Brothers*, Mark Dennis, etc. [Miss Gordon=Mrs. Disney Leith.] . . . London: 1864. [Second edition, 1875.] Pp. iv: 1-116.

It is stated by Mr. Wise that "most of the fragments of verse scattered throughout the pages of this volume were by Mr. Swinburne, particularly the lengthy poem of 38 lines commencing, '*Your mouths were hot with meat, your lips were sweet with wine.*'" If this means anything it means that *all* of the verse given in "Chapter V.—*The Pilgrimage of Pleasure*," is by Mr. Swinburne, and as these poems "have never appeared elsewhere than in the two editions of this little book," we have given them entire.

The same authority assures us that "the other long poem" of 84 lines ("*I am mickle of might*,") "is not the work of Mr. Swinburne."

IV.

UNPUBLISHED VERSES.¹

As the refluent sea-weed moves in the languid
exuberant stream,

Stretches and swings to the slow passionate pulse
of the sea,

Fair as a rose upon earth, as a rose under water in
prison,

Closed up from the air and the sun, but alive, as a
ghost rearisen,

Pale as the love that revives as a ghost rearisen
in me.

And my heart yearns baffled and blind, moved vainly
toward thee in a vision,

Thine eyes that are quiet, thine hands that are
kinder, thy lips that are loving,

Comfort and cool me as dew in the dawn of a morn
like a dream,

From the beautiful infinite west, from the happy
memorial places

Full of the mighty repose and the lordly delight of
the dead,

Where the fortunate islands are fair with the light of
ineffable faces,

And the sound of a sea without wind is about them,
and gods overhead,

Come back to redeem and release me from love that
recalls and represses,
Cleaves to my flesh as a flame, till the serpent have
eaten his fill.

Thy bosom is warm for my face and profound as a
manifold flower,
Thine hands are as music, thy lips as an odour that
fades in a flame,
Not a dream, not a dream is the kiss of thy mouth, or
the bountiful hour
That makes me forget what is sin, and would make
me forget were it shame.

1 UNPUBLISHED VERSES | By | Algernon Charles
Swinburne | [1866.1]

Collation: Octavo, pp. iv; consisting of Titles as
above (with blank reverse), pp. i-ii; and the Text of
the Verses (eighteen lines in all) pp. iii-iv.

(1) This very misleading date . . . signifies that the
Verses were written in 1866, not that they were pub-
lished in that year. They were printed and circulated
in *March*, 1888.—Wise.

V.

VERSES FROM *A YEAR'S LETTERS*.¹

I.

FAIR face, fair head, and goodly gentle brows,
Sweet beyond speech and bitter beyond measure;
A thing to make all vile things virtuous,
Fill fear with force and pain's heart's blood with
pleasure;
Unto thy love my love takes flight, and flying
Between thy lips alights and falls to sighing.

II.

Breathe, and my soul spreads wing upon thy breath;
Withhold it, in thy breath's restraint I perish;
Sith life indeed is life, and death is death,
As thou shalt choose to chasten them or cherish;
As thou shalt please; for what is good in these
Except they fall and flower as thou shalt please?

III.

Day's eye, spring's forehead, pearl above pearls' price,
Hide me in thee where sweeter things are hidden,
Between the rose-roots and the roots of spice,
Where no man walks but holds his foot forbidden;
Where summer snow, in August apple-closes,
Nor frays the fruit nor ravishes the roses.

IV.

Yea, life is life, for thou hast life in sight;
 And death is death, for thou and death are parted.
 I love thee not for love of my delight,
 But for thy praise, to make thee holy-hearted;
 Praise is love's raiment, love the body of praise,
 The topmost leaf and chaplet of his days.

V.

I love thee not for love's sake, nor for mine
 Nor for thy soul's sake merely, nor thy beauty's;
 But for that honour in me which is thine,
 To make men praise me for my loving duties;
 Seeing neither death nor earth nor time shall cover
 The soul that lived on love of such a lover.

VI.

So shall thy praise be more than all it is,
 As thou art tender and of piteous fashion.
 Not that I bid thee stoop to pluck my kiss,
 Too pale a fruit for thy red mouth's compassion;
 But till love turn my soul's pale cheeks to red,
 Let it not go down to the dusty dead.

1 From Chapter XX of "A YEAR'S LETTERS. By Mrs. Horace Manners. A novel in Thirty Chapters (the story being related in the form of Letters), together with a Prologue of Five Chapters."—WISL. Contributed to *The Tatler*, from August 25th to December 29th, 1877.



Messrs. Elder and Shepard announce a little volume that in charm and originality of construction and grace of style will touch a fresh note in the short story literature of the day. It is *Rodari Sculptor*, a story of Pisa, by Virginia E. Pennoyer. Rodari, a dream-eyed sculptor, the dear little child, Corrona, the Golden Lady, the romantic setting of old Pisa, all blend into a study of fascinating interest. With frontispiece, bound in Pisan green and gold. By mail, 60 cents.

NATURE IN LITERATURE is to be the subject of the April number of "Impressions" Magazine, May, the fairy month, will be devoted to fairy literature, folk lore and the child mind. Both numbers will be sent for introduction on receipt of 10 cents. Annual subscription, 50 cents.

ORDER FROM

D. P. Elder and Morgan Shepard,

Publishers

238 Post Street, • San Francisco.

THE MOSHER BOOKS.

MDCCCXCI—MDCCCC.

O*F the 100 volumes published by Mr. Mosher during the ten years just ended, some score or so are either*

- (1) Out of print entirely,*
- (2) Will not be reissued in a second edition, or*
- (3) Are sold down to a very few copies.*

Collectors desirous of completing their sets as far as possible, would do well to send for a short list of the above desiderata, showing just what is still offered for sale. It is Mr. Mosher's intention to drop all these titles when he comes to issuing his new general list in October.

Lowest: 1862.



The Babelot

The last issued for 1901 contains:



- I. *In Hospital: Rhymes and Rhythms.* By William Ernest Healey.
- II. *Gleaves De Nerval.* By Arthur Symonds.
- III. *The Churches of North France. No. 1.* By William Morris.
- IV. *Legends from "Istoria."* By William Carew.
- V. *Clifton and a Lad's Love.* By John Aldington Symonds.
- VI. *"Dead Love, and other incidental pieces."* By Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Notice of change in address must be received on or before the 10th of the month in order to affect the forthcoming number. The publisher cannot undertake to supply missing issues of the Babelot when this request is not complied with.

PRINTED BY
SMITH & SONS
PORTLAND
MADE





This book should be returned
to the Library on or before the last
stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.

Please return promptly.

DUE SEP 29 1929

1929

~~MAR 31 1930~~

DUE MAY 31 1931

23476.66

Dead love, and other inedited piece

Widener Library

003687723



3 2044 086 852 498